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The Commonweal

August 12, 1949

Barden Bill

Harry W. Flannery

Letter from a Family Man

Michael de la Bedoyere

After the Atlantic Pact

Gabor Apor

VOLUME L 15c NUMBER 18

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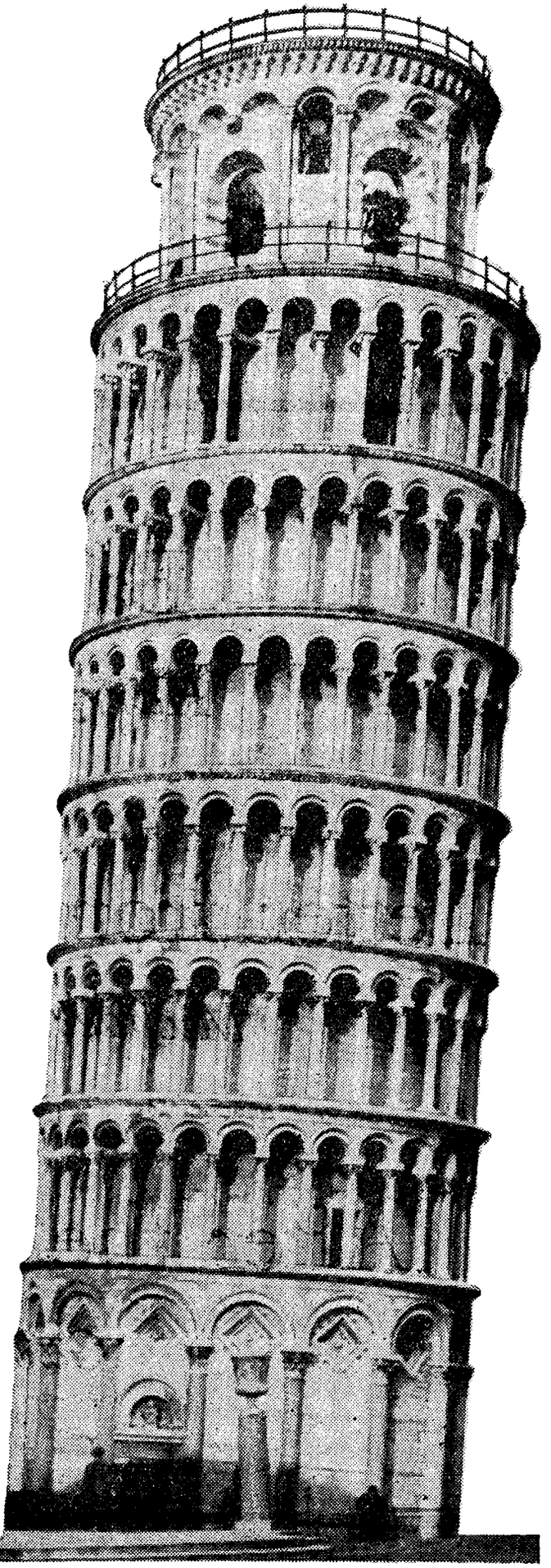

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The
COMMONWEAL

VOLUME L August 12, 1949 NUMBER 18

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German Shadows and Realities

THE announcement by the US High Commissioner to Germany, John J. McCloy, that his staff organization had been worked out, with a ten-man "cabinet" and an "inner circle" of three, created an atmosphere of anti-climax for the stretch drive of the German election campaign, which ends August 14. The West German State of the Bonn Constitution is simply not a sovereign state in the same independent, responsible class as the states of the occupying powers. The German political parties are campaigning primarily for the post of agent to the occupation authorities.

This fact results in considerable abstraction, indirection and unreality in the German political contest. The candidates for agent all doubtless wish to show that they are best qualified to obtain the maximum power and independence for their country, because desire for that must be the strongest spontaneous political motive of most voters, but there are obvious contradictions to such a purpose. Mayor Reuter of Berlin interrupts the campaign with a desperate appeal for ECA funds and credits. German agricultural experts lay out a plan for reviving the farms by means of outside assistance. In the face of the Soviet-dominated East German state and East Europe Empire, the Germans of the West require the full force of the Atlantic Pact nations to obtain any sort of balance. The Germans are married to the occupation, a rather dissatisfied, unhappy partner, perhaps, with the idea of divorce in mind; but bound by solemn conditions and in no situation to take the step.

For the most part, German voters face the same underlying problems as the other citizens of the West. They must try to decide the proportions of free enterprise and nationalized, socialist economy. What degrees of centralism and local autonomy are desirable? How big is the state to be, and how free the individual; what 'statism' and what 'pluralism' shall Germans work for? The general, secular debate is evidently dramatized in the present German campaign principally around the issues of the Ruhr heavy industry, and of control of schools and education.

Over-all, the Christian parties—largely Catholic—support the less centralist, less nationalist, less statist side. This is so obviously true that it remains one of the major tricks of the anti-Nazi mentality in America and elsewhere that its liberty-loving support and sympathy flow rather to the Socialists and mitigated Marxists, who work toward a strongly centralized national government, owning and controlling at least heavy industry, governing from the center the cultural life, monopolizing education in state schools, and relegating to innocuous desuetude the Catholic Church, the only non-state institution which has exhibited any force at all in the European catastrophies of the past decade.

But the more "inside" stories, as August 14th approached, told that the most practical issue was the conduct of the parties in the likely, but inadmissible, event that none got a majority. What conditions would the parties demand to enter a coalition? Would they permit a minority government to govern? Would they simply throw the responsibility upon the associated High Commissioners of France, England and the United States?

Selling American

OF LATE months the gap between US exports and imports has been widening. Dollar shortages in Britain and the nations of Western Europe become increasingly acute. If the American system is to be maintained, something like Marshall Plan aid will have to be continued indefinitely and probably on an even bigger scale. Unless countries importing American goods succeed in creating an effective demand for their own products over here.

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The figures show that European manufacturers have failed to do this ever since the outbreak of the first World War. Their activities have been confined largely to the Atlantic seaboard, and even there have been entirely too haphazard. Their sales spurted for a time during the recent US sellers' market, but have since been declining rapidly. Is this inevitable, because of our superior production methods and our price tags which are actually low in comparison? That is the view of many economic observers. But the possibilities of going after US markets in a serious way have not been sufficiently explored to justify throwing in the sponge quite yet.

The outlines for such possibilities are suggested by Ray Cromley in a recent *Wall Street Journal*. The targets would be first Texas and the Middle West, then the Pacific Coast. The procedure to be time-tried and comparatively all-out. First, expert marketing research organizations would find out just what sort of linens, glassware and ceramics, say, the American housewife in the hinterlands actually wants. Then they would have to persuade overseas manufacturers to supply them at specific dates with uniform models, quality and price—the most difficult step of all.

Meanwhile a whole new list of importers would set up shop in the vast neglected areas beyond the Appalachians and all the instruments of advertising and publicity be made ready to spring into action. Pressures would also be exerted in Washington to reduce tariffs on specific items. Foreign currencies would be devalued to reduce comparative manufacturing costs. Factories for the new US-bound products would be modernized and operations reorganized on an efficiency basis.

In other words, the theory is that if European and other foreign nations are to sell their goods on any scale in the big US market, they will have to adopt many of our production and distribution methods. Would such a development be desirable? A mass-production character might well rob imported products of much of their present consumer-appeal. Moreover, widespread adoption of American production methods would make grave inroads on a tempo and a way of life much better fitted than ours to the development of the human person. (However, inefficiency *per se* is no virtue, nor should outmoded methods of making many utilitarian products be perpetuated.)

On balance a less comprehensive program might turn the trick. American importers and copy-writers could certainly sell the idea that lack of uniformity and of standardization is a virtue, stressing quality all the while. For it would be a dreary world indeed if all making had to be on the American mass industry pattern. Actually the sales needed by many foreign nations to balance their dollar imports are comparatively modest. If new American markets for the type of manufactures they now have were skilfully exploited on the promotion side, the results might indeed be sufficient. All-out standardization seems a steep price even for the vital task of balancing exports and imports.

What to Do: How to Do It

THE DEPARTMENT of Agriculture has released the comprehensive plan of the Forest Service for renovation of the Missouri Valley, in respect to trees. The forestry program was designed to fit the Pick-Sloan plan for the development of flood control, hydro-electric power, irrigation and conservation within the enormous, ten-state watershed of the Missouri.

The Pick-Sloan plan is very insecurely established as the means to preserve and cultivate this major river valley. It is attacked from almost every position. The principal opposition comes from those who want a Missouri Valley Authority modeled after TVA. Economy-minded people blanch at the estimated $15,000,000,000 cost of the project. The Hoover Commission found its organization, actual and charted, inefficient, overlapping, conflicting and expensive. As a bureaucratic compromise, it is disliked by nearly all government offices and employees. All in all, it doesn't appear to have very good chances for a long and vigorous life.

But many of the jobs which are planned to be accomplished through the Pick-Sloan establishment are clearly jobs which ought to be done. The outline of this forestry work, for instance, is most persuasive. It involves range betterment and control; detailed surveys of the "little waters" of the region to check the beginnings of watershed deterioration; a vast development of nurseries to furnish needed trees; forest planting on 2,800,000 acres of ruined land; interplanting and replanting over enormous areas where that is certainly called for; extension of the shelterbelts by 245,000 miles and the growth of local windbreaks. This forestry program is estimated to cost $1,028,722,000. The Federal Government would furnish $493,609,000, and state and private funds the rest. Of course, it is supposed to repay, many-fold, over the years.

This program of physical work and creation should not be lost in the political and financial and organizational debates. It ought to be possible to examine the specific forestry recommendations and see how they would fit not only a Pick-Sloan plan, but also an MVA program, or a state, co-operative project, or any other institutional set-up that might be created within the Valley. If it is a good forestry program, it could be started as a needed field operation, without waste and worry about the more general higher staff and headquarters decisions which may follow along while the trees are growing.

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Delivering the Bomb

THE ATLANTIC PACT takes a respectable portion of its political value from the military policy that accompanies it. General Bradley has explained that were the Russians to attack the West, the to-be-armed forces of the Western Union would delay the Russian armies, the U. S. and British navies would secure control of the seas, and the United States would consider its primary job to be "to deliver the atomic bomb."

This statement marks a distinct point in America's evolving rôle in world affairs. What has been up to now implicit but unhidden, the fact that we have kept in our national subconscious, is now plainly stated. The atomic bomb has been made the primary factor in our political action. It has a disquieting meaning to the individual citizen, particularly to the Christian. This policy has a relentless reasonableness to it. Faced with the premises of the argument, our resources, the conviction of the Achesons and the Bradleys, can one citizen really protest the conclusion? But the decision made in our public life (and really, it had such an air of inevitability about it that we could hardly feel it was an *act*) must eventually be reckoned by the citizen. Such a decision would be hard for him to reverse. But it might be harder for him to stand by it, with neither repudiation nor recrimination, when he has seen its meaning to those who suffer another war.

Military Assistance Program

WHEN THE SENATE endorsed the Atlantic Pact, it acted in full knowledge that this country would share responsibility for the security of Western Europe. Most Americans wanted the Pact and most of them now agree that we should contribute at least something to the security of the Atlantic nations.

There is not, however, such general agreement on how to get security—that is, on the specific points in the Military Assistance Program itself. For one thing, it would add $1,450,000,000 to our foreign expenditures, running our total foreign-aid spending, military and non-military, to twenty-two billions. Since tax revenue this year is expected to be five billions short of outlays, economy-minded legislators want to cut foreign military aid about in half.

Then there are the disagreements over strategy. Nowhere in this Program, for instance, is there a provision requiring European nations to deploy our military weapons in a tightly co-ordinated plan. Some critics therefore consider it a poor risk to underwrite shaky European nations before they are more securely federated. Others think we are relying too much on equipping expensive and outmoded land armies. Responsible and respected non-appeasers find themselves divided over the arms issue: Mr. Vandenberg and Mr. Dulles are yet to be convinced by Mr. Acheson and Generals Bradley and Marshall that the billion and a half Truman program is not too high.

Out of this debate it is important that we get a military assistance program that, on the best counsel available, will be sufficient to give the Europeans a strong, psychological sense of security. Right now they have barely adequate equipment to put down internal disorder. And they know, more urgently than we do, the record of post-war Russian aggression from Poland to Greece to Czechoslovakia to China.

We would agree with General Bradley that the US should give arms aid now with the understanding that, as we go along, European nations will develop and stabilize their self-help potentialities. In this respect, it is impossible to separate Marshall Plan aid from military aid, or to separate political recovery from military security.

Yet there is a real danger that our attitude toward European security will become a materialistic trust in atom bombs and the various machines of war. Actually, security comes more vitally from the will of a people to resist tyranny, a will and a spirit that no flood of arms can create or conjure up. The Atlantic nations have behind them a political and spiritual tradition which does not put its final trust in war and only if we work for the economic and political recovery of Western Europe as earnestly as we do for its military security can we evade the charge of those who interpret the Military Assistance Program as an armaments race to another World War.

Mine Workers' Welfare Fund

THE FACT that during its past fiscal year the United Mine Workers' Welfare and Retirement Fund paid out one hundred and five millions in benefits is pertinent to current pension demands in other industries. This fund is built up entirely by royalties from the coal companies of twenty cents on every ton mined. The number of widows and dependent children is abnormally high in this industry because of its still hazardous nature. But on the other hand coal mining is not one of our highest profit industries. So that many other American enterprises could afford the lower-scale benefits which would be required to provide their employees with adequate benefits. Whether unemployment payments should extend for a full year at the rate demanded currently by the CIO is not the question here. It is rather the general suggestion that successful American companies—and not the State—should be primarily responsible for their workers' social security.

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The Barden Bill

A possible threat to both Church and State

Harry W. Flannery

CHURCH and State. That's the basic issue in the headlined controversy between Cardinal Spellman and Eleanor Roosevelt on the Barden Bill for Federal aid to education.

It's just as well this disagreement broke into the public prints, provided it disperses the clouds which have obscured an understanding of both the American tradition on, and the Catholic reasoning concerning, Church and State.

Generally, public persons and writers avoid any controversy involving religion, because they consider it a dangerous subject. They fear they'll offend.

But in this instance, the issue is of such fundamental importance, it must not be ignored. The United States, within recent years, has been rushing with increasing velocity toward a materialistic secularism that threatens to wreck our civilization. It has been breaking away from the foundations upon which "this nation under God" was established. It has been trying to make religion a purely private affair, unrelated to our national being as a great state. It has been standing on the ramparts of the "wall of separation of Church and State," as if religion must be held back at all costs from any contact with American political, economic and social life.

It has been disregarding the advice of George Washington: "And let us with caution indulge the supposition that morality can be retained without religion."

Thomas Jefferson, who asked: "Can the liberties of a nation be thought secure, when we have removed their only firm basis, a conviction in the minds of the people that these liberties are the gift of God?"

Woodrow Wilson: The real ground for universal unrest and perturbation "is not to be found in superficial politics or in mere economic blunders. It probably lies deep at the sources of the spiritual life of our time. . . . The sum of the whole matter is this, that our civilization cannot survive unless it be redeemed spiritually."

Franklin D. Roosevelt: "Storms from abroad directly challenge three institutions indispensable to Americans now as always. The first is religion. It is the source of the other two—democracy and international good faith. Religion, by teaching man his relationship with God, gives the individual a sense of his own dignity and teaches him to respect himself by respecting his neighbors."

★

THOSE who would build a complete wall between Church and State disregard the explicitly stated intentions of our founding fathers and long established practice.

The Declaration of Independence acknowledged "the laws of nature and of nature's God." James Madison, in his Northwest Ordinance, provided that "religion, morality and knowledge being necessary to good government and the happiness of mankind, schools and the means of education shall forever be encouraged."

Early education in the colonies and in the original United States was essentially religious. It was not until after the ratification of the Federal Constitution and its Bill of Rights, that public schools began to emerge as independent institutions. As Tully Nettleton wrote in the *Christian Science Monitor,* "The public school movement began to gain momentum about 1840 with the work of Horace Mann in Massachusetts and did not come into full fruition until about 1870."

Until recent years, we have fully understood that the First Amendment to the Constitution meant only that Congress should not establish a national religion, and, in the words of Madison himself, "enforce the legal observation of it by law, nor compel men to worship God in any manner contrary to their conscience."

As a result, from the beginning of this nation, the official chaplain engaged by Congress has opened its sessions. The Federal Government has aided private hospitals, including those operated by religious organizations. All non-profit educational, charitable and religious institutions have been exempted from the Federal income tax. The U. S. Post Office has always included religious organizations in its second-class, third-class and fourth-class mailing privileges. The Reserve Officers Training Corps has been aided by Federal funds to Catholic as well as other colleges. The GI Bill has not confined educational opportunities to state schools only. Chaplains in the armed services have been paid the same rates as other officers. The Federal school-lunch program, passed in 1946, does not discriminate be-

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tween children in public and private schools.

Almost all states allow tax exemption to religious institutions. Nineteen provide free bus transportation to children, whether they attend public or private schools. Louisiana and Mississippi appropriate funds to pay for the textbooks of all the school children in those states. States have aided financially in building temporary veterans' housing in denominational as well as other colleges.

But the bill introduced by Representative Barden of North Carolina, although it would collect taxes from all citizens, and determine the share of each state by the number of children attending private as well as public schools, would discriminate against the former in the distribution of the aid.

★

POPE LEO XIII, in his encyclical, *Immortale Dei,* stated the Catholic principle. He said the State, linked to God, cannot be oblivious to religion. It cannot consider it as "something beyond its scope, or of no practical benefit."

In 1920, the American hierarchy said: "The State itself should be the first to appreciate the importance of religion for the preservation of the common weal. It can ill afford at any time, and least of all in the present condition of the world, to reject the assistance which Christianity offers for the preservation of peace and order. . . . Only too well does experience show that when religion is banished, human authority totters to its fall.

"That which happened to the first of our race when he failed in his duty to God, usually happens to nations as well. Scarcely had the will in him rebelled against God when the passions arose in rebellion against the will; and likewise, when the rulers of the people disdain the authority of God, the people in turn despise the authority of men."

The late famed Monsignor John A. Ryan made an important point when he declared: "The State cannot avoid taking an attitude toward religion. In practice, that attitude will necessarily be positive, either for or against. There can be no such actual policy as impartial indifference."

Instead of a wall between Church and State, Leo described their orbit as "circumscribed by a circle, inside of which each acts in accordance with its own independent rule of law."

Church and State cannot be mutually exclusive. "There must exist between the two powers a certain orderly connection, which might be compared to the body and soul in man," says Leo. "One of the two has for its proximate and chief object the well-being of this mortal life; the other, the everlasting joys of Heaven."

Finally, American Catholics, as well as all other Americans, believe in and want separation of Church and State.

In connection with Federal aid to education, as Cardinal Spellman has said, we do not ask for the same kind of complete Federal aid as would be given to the public schools, but we insist that children, because they attend Catholic or other non-public schools, shall not be treated as second-class citizens so far as welfare services are concerned.

The welfare services include such items as bus transportation, free textbooks (excepting religious), school lunches, and dental or medical attention.

This may seem to be a small issue viewed alone. But seen against the whole background, it is apparent that it is not. It introduces discrimination where it has not existed before. It is not according to American tradition, nor in accordance with the best interests of the nation. It is a threat to Church—and to State.

Letter from a Family Man

MICHAEL DE LA BEDOYERE

YOU HAVE *asked* me to write to you that I may advise you about bringing up your very young family in the Catholic way. Therefore I answer and do my best—but only because you have asked me and are an old friend. I would never have dreamt of venturing to offer any advice unasked, since it is my strongest conviction that success in the things that matter in this great job can only come by a process of personal trial and error. What suits one family may do great harm to another. What is right for one parent may be worse than useless in the case of another. Above all, what will make a Catholic of one particular child may drive the next one out of the Church.

I heard the other day of a family of excellent Catholic parents, with liturgical tendencies, who insisted on some form of liturgical family night prayers in which the children apparently devoutly joined. As soon as they were out of the hallowed parental roof, each of the three boys went his way and returned to Church no more. It may not have been the night prayers at all that did the harm, but I should not be a bit surprised if it was—*for those particular boys.*

If I may be personal, I should think that such a régime would have a not dissimilar effect on my own family—and most certainly none of us could go through the ceremony without loud guffaws sooner or later. On the other hand, I expect lots of other children would prosper religiously on this rich diet. The point is that all

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families differ, and each child in each family is a different *person* from his brothers and sisters (and his father and mother). Beware of imagining that the common inheritance and the family unity produce identity of persons or anything like it. The resemblances are deceptive and we should guard against them. The parents have something to do with the production of bodies, but God creates the soul—and I know of nothing which brings home better the act of creation than the differences between superficially similar brothers and sisters who have been brought up in almost identical environments.

I don't believe there are any rules which will guarantee success—except perhaps one. The parents must themselves be Catholics *through and through* and absolutely sincere and *true to themselves* in the way they live. If you think this over, you will see that the combination of the two requirements makes it impossible to describe further what is meant by "Catholic through and through." One takes it for granted that there is adequate religious observance, but beyond this each person's full religion is a matter between Almighty God and himself. But let him be true to himself as he sees himself and as God sees him. Let him not pretend—above all, let him never pretend to his children. Children are doubtless not quite as quick as Almighty God in seeing through pretense, but they will be as near behind as their little legs will carry them. And a single religious pretense seen through will be more fatal than thousands of rosaries or night prayers not recited *en famille*. By the grace of God and the strong will of my wife, I have so far avoided being a drunken father who beats his wife, but I should much prefer my children to think of me as a drunken father who beats their mother than as a father who pretends to religious fervor and piety. Not that I for a moment would underrate the vital importance of morals and also manners. "By their fruits . . ." and really who can expect a child to see much in the religion of bickering, uncharitable, discourteous, lying parents who go to Holy Communion regularly and maybe, are the apple of the parish priest's eye?

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GREAT importance must obviously be attached to the years of infancy, but these, I think, are exclusively the mother's charge. She knows how to whisper the meaning of the love of God to her babes and how to coax them into prayer. The father, meanwhile, may have plenty to do keeping *her* mind happy and refreshed. Not that all small children take to religion equally easily. I know of one brother who lapped it all up, and the other into whose being it seemed not to penetrate one inch. But I would not prophesy the outcome in each case, for I do not think that these early years are at all final.

As I see it, the child's real religion is largely embryonic. The picture of the innocence of the little boy is a very moving one, and I am sure it is most pleasing to Our Lord Who so loved the little ones. But Our Lord also loved the lilies of the fields. Both perfectly praise God by just being. Yet in neither case are we dealing with the free and fully responsible religious act. It is to the years of later adolescence and even of early manhood, that one must really look. The crisis is then—and that is why it is so hard to lay down rules for infinitely different personalities. But I do think that in many cases, and especially when a family is reasonably large, a great deal depends on what one may call "atmosphere." I warned you not to be deceived by apparent similarities between children and parents and between the children themselves, but this should not lead to any underrating of the family organism, character, quality, unity from which the child unconsciously feeds his unique being.

It is difficult to explain what I mean, but there is something in getting Catholicism into the common blood of the family (as there is, for that matter, in getting it into the blood of a race).

This is not at all the same thing as intolerance or a "holier-than-thou" attitude. On the contrary, if anything, it is the stronger for freedom and ease and a certain laughing at oneself, a certain familiarity with holy things, a great respect for and charity towards the non-Catholic neighbors and friends, a sort of free enclave, where family jokes and the inevitable vulgarity of healthy young children can be worked off—but all this, *always,* within a common realization, a common feeling for the certainties, the deep things that matter. Where this kind of Catholic family atmosphere, this, if I may venture so to put it, this beginning at any rate of "the liberty of the sons of God" exists, then perhaps there is the nearest that can be got to a spirit wherein full Catholicity can steadily grow with age and maturity and wherein the inevitable mistakes will count least in the end. Or so I think!

So you see, it is not to me that you should go for the safe rules and regulations, for the way to teach religion or the way to get the penny catechism over. I don't know, and I don't believe others know anything like as much as they pretend to know. And if you ask me about sex education, I shall run away a mile. As far as I can make out my children know much more about it than I do, and they seem to take it all in a far more Christian way than I did at their age.

Be natural! Be honest! Be Catholic! and I am sure most of the pedagogical and catechetical teases which worry our teachers and clergy will largely solve themselves.

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After the Atlantic Pact

A proposal for the liberation and eventual self-government of the Danube nations

Gabor Apor

THE SUFFERINGS of the nations in the Danube Valley have caused much talk about their future. However, this talk has consisted mostly of complaints and criticisms about the dismembering of the old Monarchy or dealt with some special aspect of one single national question. But the core of the question is: how to find a reasonable solution for the Danube Valley problem as a whole, which includes Austria, Hungary, Czechoslovakia, Yugoslovia, Rumania and Bulgaria, a problem which concerns not merely these individual countries but the entire European family.

It is amazing to see how many different national groups are mingled along the many miles of the river bank, from its source to its mouth, from Austria to the Black Sea. Frequently they are not separated in space, so that one can often notice small villages speaking three different languages and professing four different religions. How can so many different nations have any fundamental problems in common and how can a basis for the solution be found?

It is a curious phenomenon of history that from time to time the people in the East are shaken by a sort of earthquake, the outburst of a human volcano, in consequence of which a stream of human lava moves to the West, trampling down, burning in a frenzy of destruction everything that Western civilization has patiently built up during centuries.

Its path always leads to the Danube Valley, the gate of Europe. The Danubian Nations in such times must either stand together, or share the fate of subjugation and enslavement. They all have in common the permanent destiny of living at the gateway to Europe. To stem the waves of the peoples' migration the Romans had to unite the entire Danube Valley under their leadership. Once they had lost their grip on this territory, the Roman Empire soon collapsed.

A similar situation arose more than four centuries ago, when the Turks assailed the West. Then only a part of the Danube Valley stood united, under the Habsburgs. When, later, two centuries of respite from Eastern invasion caused the nations involved to forget the good reason for their union, it was the end of the Danube Monarchy. For no human edifice can survive the lack of a spirit of solidarity.

At present we again see a rebirth of Eastern pressure against Western civilization — in the form of Soviet Imperialism. The destruction and slavery inflicted on the Danubian nations does not fall short, in any respect, of the fate they suffered at the hands of the Mohammedans, four hundred years ago.

Although the present condition of the nations in the Danube Valley is sad and cruel beyond description, this has had an exactly contrary effect to that which the oppressors expected. Every information confirms the fact that out of the common suffering is born a spirit of community with Europe, a thirst for friendly collaboration among themselves, a serious desire to forget all rivalries of the past in order to live in peace and to return to the fold of the European family. Even the darkest spot in the Balkans feels European, in sheer disgust over what has been experienced from the ruthless Asiatic "'peoples' democracy."

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UNDER PRESENT conditions the nations are, of course, unable to put their desire into effect. Therefore, this task has to be shouldered by their representative leaders in exile. What is the first step? In view of the newly-born serious trend toward friendly collaboration among the masses in the Danube Valley, I venture to advise the leaders in exile to sit down to a round-table conference and establish by common agreement those principles which will guide their actions and their administrations in the future.

Among these principles I suggest the adoption of the following:

1. A promise to collaborate in a brotherly spirit for the liberation of their countries.

2. A promise to act in the same spirit after liberation is achieved, with the aim of preventing any new foreign domination.

3. A promise to keep up solidarity and collaboration at home. In that spirit these nations will refrain from every measure which may endanger this aim, in their foreign and home policy as well as in the economic and cultural fields. Eventual differences are to be solved in a friendly way, always subordinating their decisions to the one

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principal aim: solidarity of and peaceful collaboration among the Danubian nations.

4. An agreement to facilitate exchange of goods and services and to establish among their respective countries, the easiest possible means of communication for persons, material goods and spiritual values.

5. Every administration promises so to govern its own country that no one will feel handicapped, no matter to what nationality or religion he may belong. To promote this aim they will:

a. introduce everywhere in the Danube Valley, genuine and honest local self-government, especially in the lower brackets of administration.

b. they will establish a permanent committee for conciliation with a neutral chairman. This committee would act on the principle that no person should endure any disadvantage for reasons of residing within one or another country. Each government will abstain from taking measures contrary to that principle. When in doubt, the committee should take its inspiration from the Swiss tradition. The Dutch regulation for schools could also be considered as a good model.

6. The Governments, respecting full freedom of speech, promise to refrain from public discussions likely to poison the friendly atmosphere. On the contrary, by free discussions, they will, as far as possible, try to iron out eventual differences.

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I AM FULLY aware that the aforesaid suggestions are neither complete nor perfect, and may be submitted to alterations and implementation. But I feel that I cannot sufficiently emphasize the basic importance, nay, the necessity of establishing real and efficient local self-government as the solution of the Danube problem. In other words, it is not a question of the autonomy of this or that province. *No!* It is a question of self-government at the lower levels. It shall be the right of every borough, of every town, district and county to be governed by freely elected officials. The simple working man is not as interested in the members of the central Government as he is in the person of his mayor, his district-chief, his county-chief, the teacher of his children. He wants to choose them himself and eventually to change them after a period of four to six years, should he be dissatisfied with their administration.

It is local self-government which has been the basis of US and British democracy, and which for centuries has rendered the Swiss cantons able to remain independent of each other, some in a close partnership, but all of them in collaboration. This self-government has produced among the Swiss a common political climate, a safeguard of lasting solidarity.

To produce this political climate in the Danube Valley is the present task of the political leaders in exile. It is their task, first of all because it is the common wish of the masses at home, and secondly, because should any difficulty be encountered, the impediment is certainly not to be found at home, but among the exiles, where some politicians, like the French *émigrés* of the great revolution, might feel unable either to "forget or to learn." I fervently hope that the tragic events of the last decade have brought home the bitter lesson to all of them.

Cities and Stones

ALBERT EISELE

CHAD GALBRAITH had been home a week now, and he was feeling more and more like going back to work. "Oh, not yet!" his father would insist. "Luke and I can handle the work —we handled it while you were gone. Just rest a little more. You've been through a lot."

Chad had been in the Air Force, a bombardier. He had flown twenty-nine missions and had participated in some of the heaviest raids over Germany.

"I suppose you could tell us a lot about your bombing raids," his mother would say.

"Oh, I don't know," he would reply. "There isn't much to tell."

They felt that he didn't want to talk about his war experience, and so they came to avoid the subject as much as possible. For one thing, there was no breakfast conversation as far as Chad was concerned anyway, because he always slept late and ate alone later. After dinner he would take a walk out into the fields or along the litttle creek that ran through the pasture. In the spring the little creek overflowed its banks, but it was now late September and the creek was dry, had been for weeks, its bed green with volunteer cockleburr plants, some already turning into the fiddle-brown of maturity. Then he would come up to the fence-row of the field in which his brother Luke was plowing with a tractor. In the fence-row was a huge stone which his father years ago had dug out of the center of the field and then dragged to the fence-row with a four-horse team. At one side of the stone, at its base, was a bank of earth, now grassed over, that had accumulated as the stone was being dragged along.

"I wish that stone was out of the way," Luke said one day. "Yesterday I caught it with my furrow tire, and it's a wonder that I didn't cut the tire open."

"I'll blast the stone for you," said Chad. "I've

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blasted stones before, and I think there still are some materials up in the shed."

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THE NEXT DAY Chad hunted up the stone drill, hammer and explosives and set out to get rid of the stone. In the pasture the cows were grazing, and also Belle, the only horse on the farm. Belle was old, almost blind, and no longer did any work. For many years Belle had been the farm's dependable brood mare, having foaled and raised all the horseflesh needed for power, and when, on the Galbraith farm as well as on other farms, the tractor had supplanted the horse, Belle had not been sold to the horsemeat packing plants, as the other horses were, but had been pensioned to the pasture, there to end her days in peace.

Belle was not far from the stone, which lay in the fence-row between the pasture and a cultivated field, and Chad, when he came up to the old mare, paused for a moment to pet her. Good old Belle! Twenty-five years old, she was the same age as Chad. She was the first horse that Chad ever rode. He could still remember that ride: a short jaunt down a country road, with him sliding up on the mare's neck and saving himself only by clutching her mane. Her mane now was thinned and streaked with gray. The mare was almost toothless, too, getting scrawny every winter because she couldn't chew her grain properly but fattening up again in the spring as soon as she got on grass. Chad laid his face against the mare's nose. Then he looked into her eyes, remembering how he used to see his own reflection limned clearly and beautifully in each eyeball. But now Belle's eyeballs were milky and clouded, with Chad's image just a blur. The mare was almost blind; apparently she could just make out a sizable object that wasn't more than ten rods away, about the distance that she now stood from the stone.

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HE LEFT THE OLD mare to her grazing, went to the fence and climbed through it to the stone. He had brought along a small pail of water, and this he put on the ground within reach, got out his drill and hammer, sat on the stone and began drilling. The stone was warm with the September sun, and that was nice, because it would take some time to drill a hole six inches deep. Dynamite would have been quicker, but Chad was not familiar with dynamite; his father had always used blasting powder, and before Chad went to war his father had showed him how to use it on stones. "Sure, dynamite is quicker and easier," his father would say, "but blasting powder is safer."

Fortunately, the drill was sharp, and it wasn't long until the hole was three inches down and half finished. Chad got off the stone and stretched himself. Belle, who had not moved far, caught the motion, lifted her head, cocked her ears, stood with concentrated attention for a moment, then resumed her grazing. Behind the mare, in the immediate background, were some huge bull thistles, unmolested by livestock throughout the summer and now sprawling in their newly-burst snowy fluff, fluff as white but more ragged than milkweed, making the bull thistles look like young and untrimmed trees caught with the wool of passing sheep. Then, farther beyond, rising from a cornfield and wheeling up into the sky, was a flock of blackbirds, a flock so dense that for a moment Chad thought that it was an airplane rising. Well, they could have their airplanes. He was through with them. A bombardier, on twenty-nine missions, he had had all the airplanes that he wanted.

And still he didn't know how to blast rocks with dynamite. That was a good one. He had dropped he didn't know how many blockbusters on German cities; he had done his share in obliterating whole cities, old cities, cities that had been standing for centuries before Hitler was even born. It was disturbing, now that he could look back a little, to think of destroying a city that had become venerable with the centuries—it was distressing, really, to think of destroying, in a day, something that so many thousands of men had worked so long to build. But at the time Chad had dropped his bombs with an utter indifference to what havoc they caused. Oh he was, indeed, responsible in a way for the clouds of smoke and debris and dust that rose from the heart of some old, old city, but he was doing only what he had been ordered to do. He didn't select the missions or think much about them, and so he could go on dropping his bombs with the indifference with which he could, today, step on some ant hill or gopher hole. He had looked distantly upon the spectacle of whole cities flying to pieces, and it had left him unmoved.

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HE RESUMED HIS drilling, pouring in water from time to time to cool the drill and flush out the crumbs. After another hour's work, the hole was deep enough. He dried the hole with some old rags, poured in the blasting power, set the fuse and tamped the charge with powdered brick. Then he lighted the fuse and ran.

The old mare, still not far away, looked up. She saw Chad running, and then she saw the smoke that curled up from the burning fuse; she looked from one to the other, and finally fixed her attention on the curling smoke. With the roar of a shotgun the charge exploded, the stone

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split into a dozen or more pieces, some flying off to one side and some into the air. The old mare, seeing the rock fly into pieces, turned and galloped, with all the speed of which her old bones were capable, to the haven of a pasture gate, a quarter of a mile away.

Chad went back to the broken rock. Around the drill marks the stone was blackened, and in the air the smell of the burned powder was strong. It was a good shot; the charge had been centered properly. If a charge wasn't centered properly the force would break out on the weak side, and one didn't get much loose rock for all one's drilling. Chad picked up the blasted chunks of stone and dropped them in the fence-row, close to the wires, out of the way of the field machinery. Then he gathered together his blasting materials, climbed back through the fence and started for home.

He walked along the fence, and as he walked he kept his eyes on the fence-row, with its smaller stones, its gopher holes, its ant hills, its varied weed growth. Fence-rows were interesting; they had none of the monotony of the cultivated fields. He saw an old fruit jar, once used for carrying drinking water. It was one no doubt that he himself had brought to the field, emptied and then forgotten. A grasshopper leaped from some tall weed stalk and landed on his cheek, remained there an instant and then jumped again. He could feel the pressure of its hind legs as it left. He saw the rotted remains of an old overall, half-buried by old weed stalks and dust. He remembered the overall's history: it was a warm May day; he was still wearing two overalls, as he had all winter, with the outer one worn and torn and ready for the discard. It was so torn that he was a fraid it would catch in gears, so when he got to the fence-row he stopped his tractor, removed the outer overall and threw it into the fence-row. Just like a snake discarding its skin. That must have been five or six years ago.

He moved away from the fence then and headed toward the lane that led to the gate. He kicked some white puff balls, and passed a large bull thistle at the base of which the protected red clover grew uncropped and lush. He walked up the lane, and when he reached the gate, where old Belle stood, he was surprised to find her obviously in a high state of unrest. Her nostrils were distended, her half-blind eyes dilated, and her legs trembling. He spoke soothing words to her and patted her neck, then opened the gate and let her into the barn lot. She ran through and away as if in terror, her tail lifted, nostrils snorting. Chad saw that she had been badly frightened by the spectacle of the rock flying to pieces.

The next morning, when the old mare was let through the gate, she still had the rock on her mind. She walked only a little beyond the end of the lane, and would go no farther in the direction of the blasted rock.

"That's a funny thing about old Belle," said Chad at dinner that day. "Yesterday she was there grazing and saw me blast that rock. It scared her, I guess, and today she's still scared!"

Communications

"Portuguese Pilgrimage"

St. Adele, P. Q.

TO THE Editors: Having read Father Correia's interesting review of Father Martindale's "Portuguese Pilgrimage" [COMMONWEAL, July 22] I went pondering on his rather scornful sentence: "Are servants a country's workers? Even some harder critics like Saint Thomas More would go further and classify servants with social parasites, just like the lords they help to shine . . ." Isn't that a very narrow view to take of servants? First of all, why should domestic work be more degrading than, for instance, a factory worker's who puts the last finish on the latest cocktail shaker? After all, the servant does do essential work . . . clothes have to be laundered, food has to be cooked, houses have to be cleaned. Whereas cocktail shakers can be dispensed with. Obviously Father Correia is thinking principally of butlers (perhaps he is a Wodehouse fan, and who'd dare to say Jeeves was not necessary), but I can assure him that a mother of half a dozen children needs help. I know that owing to the present contempt for domestic work, many mothers have to do without this help. . . . To be a good mother is alone a fulltime job and when all the other work is added someone is bound to suffer. This was realized in days when everyone believed in large families.

And from the servants' point of view: what could be a better preparation for marriage than to learn housekeeping and to handle small children in a busy family? It could be the best school in the world, and instead of paying fees the girl gets wages. No girl who has seen the labor involved in marriage is likely to run off with a handsome playboy without thinking it over twice. She'll look for the kind that will help her wash the dishes.

I wonder what would become of the Bible if all the references to servants were cut out? Surely we gather from Christ's Parables that the relationship between servant and master can be a beautiful and fruitful one. It is essentially a human one too, as opposed to this "Worker" business so much venerated by Father Correia.

There is at present a spirit abroad which is the enemy of the family, and knowing the value of the servant to the family (isn't the Latin word for servant *famulus*?) an oblique attack is made on servants. I know that Father Correia did not mean it like that; he is just reflecting the general opinion. I can think of many people who deserve the term parasites better than our servants.

HILDA VAN STOCKUM

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Catholic International News

British Education Act

IN GREAT BRITAIN where, under the Butler Education Act of 1944, Catholics were expected to have to raise 40 million dollars to supplement government grants for school buildings and improvements, increased costs have brought this amount to between 200 and 240 millions. An "Amendment Act" is being advocated to relieve Catholics of this "crushing burden."

1. The Minister of Education, George Tomlinson, in a letter addressed to Bishop Joseph McCormack of Hexham and Newcastle, refused to consider a change in the existing legislation, declaring that "it might well be that any reopening of the question would result in terms less favorable to denominational interests than the present arrangement."

2. The former Minister of Education, R. A. Butler, under whom the original bill was passed, declared in an address in London that in some counties the Act was being administered in such a manner that it led to a "massacre of the innocent." He appealed to educational authories to lessen the costs of maintaining Catholic schools in accordance with the Government's instructions.

3. The Hierarchy of England and Wales, in a statement sent to all members of the clergy, demanded a more liberal interpretation of existing legislation as well as "during the lifetime of the next Parliament after the election, an Amending Act recognizing the principles . . . and relieving us finally of the enormous financial burden imposed on us by the existing Education Acts. Under the existing financial principles . . . the capital costs of the provision of schools to which they can send their children with a good conscience is being sweated out of the Catholic working men." (New York, 7/30—CIP.)

Election Campaign in Bavaria

BAVARIA is the great question mark in the elections to the Federal Assembly (*Bundestag*) of the united American, British, and French zones of Germany, August 14. While everywhere else the Christian Democrats and the Social Democrats are the leading parties and no major surprises are expected, Bavaria, the largest State in the American Zone, is the scene of a three-cornered fight, the outcome of which few impartial observers are willing to predict. The three parties engaged in this electoral battle are: The Christian Social Union (Christian Democratic), the Social Democratic Party (Socialist), and the Bavarian Party (autonomist, conservative and, to a large extent, monarchist).

Most observers here agree that the Bavarian Party (*Bayernpartie*), which had considerable success in last year's local elections, is likely to be even more successful this year and to take many votes away from the Christian Democrats.

Candidates of the Bavarian Party include Prince Constantine of Bavaria, a great-great-grandson of King Louis I, the most powerful and glamorous ruler in Bavaria's history, as well as Baron Anton von Aretin, member of a well-known family of the Bavarian nobility. The Party is thus exploiting the sentimental affections of many Bavarians for members of the former royal family. These affections were strikingly demonstrated at the recent eightieth birthday of Crown Prince Rupprecht, when even some Communist leaders hoisted the "white-blue" flag of Bavaria on their homes in his honor.

The Bavarian Party, whose representatives voted against the Bonn Constitution, is also using religious arguments in its election campaign, accusing the Christian Social Union of having "betrayed Christian principles" by accepting the Bonn Constitution with insufficient guarantees concerning education and the schools.

The Bavarian Party also attacks the Bonn Constitution as "much too centralistic" and as "a violation of Bavaria's sovereignty." Both the Bavarian Party and the Social Democratic Party have the electoral advantage of being in the opposition while the Christian Social Union is running the Bavarian Government, thus carrying responsibility for existing conditions. (Munich, 7/27—CIP.)

US Blamed by Irish on Partition

A CHALLENGE to the United States to "offer its services for the purpose of bringing about a discussion and an ultimate solution of this question" (partition) was made in the Irish Parliament July 13, by the Minister of External Affairs, Sean MacBride. His argument: "The United States have, under the provisions of the Atlantic Pact, undertaken to defend Britain's invasion of our territorial integrity" and that, under these circumstances, "it would not seem unreasonable" to expect some help from America. Mr. MacBride likewise repeated what has been stated frequently by Irish leaders of various political backgrounds: "Partition is the sole remaining issue between Ireland and our neighboring isle."

Mr. MacBride criticized Great Britain, especially London's recent Ireland Bill along the usual line, while his speech contained more opprobrium against America than any previous statement on the same topic. "I have noticed in the papers recently," he stated, "reports to the effect that the State Department in Washington has stated that American policy would not allow President Truman to intervene between Ireland and Britain to secure the ending of partition. I am fully aware that that has always been the attitude of the State Department. . . . I cannot help, however, regretting that the leading democratic republic in the world should not at least take an interest in, and assist in ending a situation which, in addition to being undemocratic, is dangerous and damaging to the unity which should exist in the democratic world. . . . Before the ink on the Atlantic Pact was dry, the British Government felt at complete liberty to reassert by statute its claim to interfere with the territorial integrity of Ireland." (Dublin, 7/30—CIP.)

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The Screen

Oh Life! Oh Times! Oh Hollywood!

IT IS an age-old story that is told in *"Not Wanted"*—the story of a girl, unhappy at home with a bickering father and mother, who falls for the surface charms of a piano player in a cheap night club, surrenders to his advances, and then finds herself later deserted by the irresponsible young man and about to become a mother. What distinguishes this script, written by Paul Jarrico and Ida Lupino (Miss Lupino also produced the film with Anson Bond but does not appear in it) is its sincerity and realism in the scenes that follow at The Haven, a refuge for unwed mothers. Here the girl finds friendship and understanding; she is helped through this difficult period by the intelligent women who run the organization. But still more difficult problems confront the girl after her baby is born. Should she give the child away for adoption by a husband and wife of her own color, race and religion who will give the baby love and affection, a good home and education? Or should she keep this baby who has no name and try to care for him herself?

The girl in "Not Wanted" decides on adoption, and then, again and again regrets her decision which cannot be changed. And in the opening scene of the film, we see her stealing a baby and being picked up by the police. Most of the story is told in flashback. Although Director Elmer Clifton has rather successfully avoided sensationalism in this story that could have been merely a hot number, he dwells at too great length on the events leading up to the girl's fall. It is not until the scenes at The Haven that the picture takes on real interest. Newcomer Sally Forrest is extremely effective in the leading rôle, and she is well supported by a large cast led by Leo Penn as her seducer and Keefe Brasselle as the young cripple who finally helps her to face life again. The picture's greatest fault is in its avoidance of any discussion of the immorality of the girl's behavior with the pianist. And the film's greatest asset is in its honesty in facing facts at the home for girls who are pregnant and not married. "Not Wanted" deserves serious consideration.

"Rope of Sand" is a pretentious melodrama with a South African locale, where to quote the prologue: "men, inflamed by monotony and heat, sometimes forget the rules of civilization." It is a gross understatement to say that the villains of this piece, played by Paul Henreid and Claude Rains, have only forgotten the rules of civilization. They are so diabolic in their behavior that a word like civilization shouldn't even be mentioned in their presence. Of course after going through our present weeks of heat wave, one can understand that people do odd things when overcome by high temperature and humidity. Poor Burt Lancaster is the boy who suffers most from mistreatment by Messrs. Rains and Henreid, but it turns out that Corinne Calvert, practically the only woman in the cast, also gets shoved around rather brutally. Diamonds are the objective for most of these rough folk—"enough diamonds to buy the souls of a thousand men." But hardly enough to stand all the fisticuffs and violence that this picture goes in for. I don't see why, when we are perspiring freely on the street, we should go into a theater to watch Burt and Paul fight and sweat in rivulets just over diamonds.

"The Crooked Way" may also make you wonder just how much brutal sadism you want to see in movies. In an overly contrived plot, John Payne, as an amnesia victim, takes some awful beatings from Sonny Tufts and his boys who try to make John remember that he was once a crook like them. Ellen Drew, as John's former wife, has joined up with the Tufts crowd, but she swings back to John when she thinks he might be a nice guy as long as he stays under the influence of amnesia. The problems involved in all this fighting are really too complicated and silly for you to worry about in such hot weather—or at any other time as far as that's concerned.

PHILIP T. HARTUNG.

Of Note

Islam and Christendom

IN THE August-September issue of *Catholic Missions* (109 E. 38 St., New York 16, N. Y.) the feature article, "Islam's Impact on Christendom," tells of the one-eighth of the world who are followers of Mohammed:

> The essential religious duties of Islam are summed up under five heads called the "five pillars." They are: (1) *Confession of faith* contained in the formula, *"there is no God but the true God and Mohammed is his prophet."* (2) *Ritual Prayer* preceded by ablutions five times a day while facing towards Mecca. (3) *Fasting,* especially during the month of Ramadan, from dawn to nightfall, not only from food but also of drink of any kind and smoking. (4) *Almsgiving,* along minutely determined lines. (5) *Hedj* or pilgrimage to Mecca, obligatory in theory on all men—but not women—at least once in their lifetime. There is no supreme religious authority. There is no clergy. Pork and wine are forbidden. Also to sculpture images and to lend money at interest. Polygamy, up to four wives, is theoretically permitted. This, however, is uncommon and has actually been suppressed in some Moslem countries.
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> From the natural viewpoint, the strength of Islam, which will one day prove its weakness, is its easy morality. The very fact of belonging to Islam is practical assurance of salvation. Allah saves all Moslems, he punishes only unbelievers and apostates. Probably a large majority of Moslems have no other dogma than that. Morality is largely a matter of legalistic purification rather than positive virtue. . . . For Moslems, expediency is the standard of moral, and spiritual progress. Hence,

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they say, Islam is the best suited for the practical world. Moreover, they point to the Christians with whom they come in contact and say, *"Christians do not take the laws of Jesus seriously, nor do they live up to them. The Sermon on the Mount is a nice theory, but their business and commercial life prove that it does not work."* The Moslems allow an abundance of liberty for the indulgence of the passions and preach very little in the way of self restraint. . . .

Having such a widely differing outlook upon life, it is well nigh impossible to approach Moslems on doctrinal or moral grounds with a view to winning them over to Christianity. Their traditions, ideas, and general mental background are all against it. Islam is in its essence *totalitarian.* It takes complete possession of the life of its adherents. . . . A convert is regarded as not only an apostate but a social traitor. His preference for Christianity is an insult and treachery to Moslem solidarity. The question of religion, therefore, is considered, not as one of individual conscience, but as one of community consciousness. . . .

Frustration: Cause and Cure

H. C. E. ZACHARIAS writes, in part, in the July issue of *Blackfriars* (St. Giles, Oxford, England):

The main trouble with people today, it seems to us, is that they look upon this life, not relatively as a time of probation, as an opportunity for perfecting one's self, but absolutely, as if the heavens would fall in, if they did not hold them up. The French have a saying that one should take things seriously, but not tragically. The great fault of modern men is to take life too tragically and at the same time not seriously enough. Without faith in God and without realization that one's whole eternity is at stake, man naturally does not take his life seriously enough, but fritters it away; instead of making the most of his time, he more often than not just tries to "kill" it. At the same time his pride puffs him up to think that he is in charge of all the universe, and a few things besides and that they all depend on him alone. No wonder he is weighed down by his imaginary task and by a sense of frustration, when he sees that after all he cannot manage it. Pride; and after pride, despair.

To our semi-believing friends one would thus explain, psychologically, that modern man feels frustrated because he has taken on a job that is beyond him, but not beyond God. That the whole load will be lifted off his mind once he recognizes this, and that we are primarily here, not to build a new world, but to build up our own personality which will endure, such as we have made it, when all the present worlds will have relapsed into nothingness. . . .

The Light That Comes from Below

JOHN HAY

THE RECENTLY published translation of Dostoievsky's *The Diary of a Writer* might only be taken as another contribution to the cold war. It could confirm many Americans in their fear of Russia's messianic intransigence, although it might also give them more understanding of her people. But since Dostoievsky was a great man he speaks with a power that transcends our two societies. In spite of the fact that he was a violent nationalist, and an extreme reactionary, he has a human faith which can reach us directly.

On the surface of it I would not abuse him any more than he abuses himself with his intense, ironical, unrelenting talk about Russia's destiny, by applying it to anything but Russia. Europe, he believed, and eventually Asia, would be regenerated by the oneness of the Russian soul. The Russian, who was most apt of all people to embrace the idea of the universal fellowship of men, would, in Christ's name, liberate the world from its conflicts—from French socialism, from Protestant atheism, and from Roman Catholicism, which "does not need Christ", since "what it strives for is universal sovereignty". The Russian idea was a world idea and Russia was ready to go to war for it against the West if the West should oppose it.

The great Russian soul is self-enclosed. As Dostoievsky, and other Russians write about it, it means the universal fellowship of men, but in Russian terms. This is sadly familiar. But Dostoievsky, in spite of his vehement illogicalities about his country, has more to say. For what is extraordinary about these articles, and what shines through them and transforms them is his profound concern for his fellow Russians as human beings and not merely as members of a nation. He searches, even through his most ranting, jingoistic writing, for the truth and the spirit which is in the people.

He begins out of a knowledge of suffering, of the burdens and secrets of the soul, of error, of calm and violence. He goes to "the insulted and the injured" and asks that they be allowed the merit of truth which men are afraid to apply to themselves. He fears for his people. He plunges into their turbulence, their lying and obscenity—the "national drunkenness and popular depravity"—with such relentlessness that he seems to be overwhelmed by their reality. But ultimately "the people are compassionate;" "they are aware of the fact that they themselves are guilty in common with every criminal;" "they respect and understand their dignity," and they have an unconscious knowledge of the truth.

Dostoievsky went further than his faith in elaborating his evangelical, authoritarian ideas about Russia. But one remembers where he started from. In that sense he is an artist, like Pushkin whom he so much admired, with "the faculty of universal susceptibility." In spite of his

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own Russianism, his nation stays with its isolation while he has gone abroad.

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THERE IS not much that is applicable to us in "a layer of genuinely Russian people who proved able to withstand the impact of civilization," but as these same people are violent, perverse, or kind and have unexpressed spiritual cravings, we exist on the same level. Like the Russians we are somewhat afraid of the human language. We allow our public address systems to speak for us. Between us and whatever we learn by living are thousands of machine-made words. Our societies stand like monoliths between our eyes and the sun. But whatever spiritual contribution we have to make as a people survives only in ourselves, and depends immeasurably on our knowledge of ourselves.

Americans are suckers for stuffed phrases, as well as being fast talkers. "In Russia," Dostoievsky writes, "an idea crashes upon a man as an enormous stone and half crushes him." In America on the other hand we know how to talk the idea away before it crashes. We are also able to transform an idea into a non-entity by repeating it. "The American Way" hangs in every speech, not like a stone but a balloon.

But, out of our impatience, we want naively and dangerously to know the answer. We expect the magician to give a reason for his tricks, the writer to tell us how he writes, the centenarian to tell us how he got that far. We are subject to a rootless urging, almost as though we were trying to get past ourselves. Some day we will discover a formula for rapid immortality, if we have not already discovered it.

Then again we are conformists and afraid of our own recklessness. We say: "I am as good as the next man," which means that we have a belief in the individual, but it also means that we cannot be so different from others in our community as to be isolated from them. We insist on sharing our neighbor's habits.

When our recklessness and conformity are fused we can be involved in the same kind of moral anarchy and negation which Dostoievsky was concerned about. With all their free traditions behind them, there are Americans who can step on liberty with the same quick and violent fear with which they would kill a snake. Together the worst and the most respectable can become tyrants out of fear. It would be honest of them to denounce liberty as un-American.

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BUT THE spirit is still with us. Our mechanical achievements are something more than chains to bind us. Uncontrolled, they may have their own ends, but they came out of striving, and out of our surpassing desire to see farther than we do. We have the basic concept of a freedom which is in ourselves, and which is inseparable from that which Dostoievsky mentions as the "living feeling of being."

The distinction between liberty and license may serve as a practical arrangement for society; but the ideal of liberty is indivisible, and our faith in it cannot be circumvented. If we deny our faith we deny ourselves.

An American with the knowledge and the sense of freedom is neither a common man nor a comrade, but a man. His basic right, as well as what he shares in the political sense of the rights of man, is the right to be.

The compelling thing about Dostoievsky's book is that with all his defensive nationalism he never stops looking for the truth among his own people. Knowing, and feeling in himself the traits that characterize them, their "urge for the extreme;" their "urge for negation of everything;" their "impetuosity;" their "craving for suffering;" he works relentlessly to affirm the power of the spirit which is in them. "Light and salvation will come from below."

We can apply the same human measure to our own country and discover that we have more resources than our public attitude suggests. Our "faith comes from below," and the ideals which it gives rise to are greater than our nationalism. If we are the people, we are not divided like Dostoievsky's Russia between "the insulted and the injured and the half-Russians corrupted by the West;" "we the people" must *all* be the insulted and the injured. We have our own unexpressed and universal sense of what it means to be free men. Under our traits and our paradoxes we can keep looking for that which holds us together.

Books

Barbara Celarent. A Description of Scholastic Dialectic. Thomas Gilby, O.P. Longmans. $4.00.

IF THAT course in formal logic you submitted to as an undergraduate is an arid and unsavory memory, you couldn't do better than have Father Gilby introduce you to dialectic. For dialectic, as this remarkable convert, theologian, *Blackfriars* editor, and British Navy chaplain dishes it up, is an intellectual feast. No mnemonics (other than in the two words of the title), no dry bones, and the absolute minimum of gobbledegook.

The substance of the book was "worked up in the Mediterranean between action stations in H.M.S. *Renown,* from rough notes all pulpy and partly indecipherable from the seas shipped when she was holed fighting." Here, obviously, there is no divorce of contemplation and action, but there is besides a rare combination of urbanity and warmth, erudition and humor, piety and good sense. If it isn't logic without tears, it's dialectic with many a hearty chuckle.

Though dialectic is sometimes identified with formal logic, this is a corruption of the Thomistic sense of the term which applied not to apodictic logic, the logic of the textbooks, but to "its companionable extension into matters where we must be content with descriptions and probable assents," the situation, one must concede, in most of the interesting and important things we think and talk about. On a hundred such topics Father Gilby shows us how a respect for the laws of right thinking as set down by Aristotle and extended by St. Thomas can

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keep us from being taken in by the rationalized prejudice and specious reductionism of "advanced" opinion. Whether he is treating of art and science, realism and idealism, abstraction, metaphysics, mathematics, psychology, scientific method, community and society, quality and quantity, or the rigors of formal disputation, his analyses are invariably rooted in wisdom and salted with relevant and amusing examples from bird lore, Royal Navy tradition, and especially English verse. (So much of the last was unfamiliar to this reviewer that he found himself wishing heartily that the quotations had been identified.) Illustrations of the "Every man is mortal" stripe are happily few. When the author wishes to exemplify a certain kind of proposition he is likely to come up with such jewels as "Babies cannot spit straight" or "You can't nail a jellyfish to the wall." If occasionally he slips into patness in dealing with complicated questions like the relations between philosophic and scientific demonstration or those between the inductive and the deductive forms of reasoning, that is perhaps an inevitable consequence of the atttempt to handle so many formidable problems in such brief compass. All in all, this is a magnificent piece of work. What a pity that it will in all likelihood reach so few of those who could benefit most from it! RAYMOND J. MC CALL.

The Bending Cross: Eugene Victor Debs. Ray Ginger. Rutgers University Press. $5.00.

RAY GINGER has written a long, lively, and always absorbing account of a man who was secondarily a labor hero and a leader of the Socialist Party. I say "secondarily" because before he was either of these he was a deeply *human* being, and in the course of his life humanness cut being in two.

Eugene Victor Debs was born in Terre Haute, Indiana, in 1855. Early experience as a locomotive fireman led to editorship of *The Locomotive Firemen's Magazine* and the beginning of his rise as a spokesman for the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen. At thirty he was a married man and a member of the Indiana State Legislature. At thirty-nine he was the head of the powerful American Railway Union, and fresh from a great victory over James J. Hill. Of the strike that brought about this victory he said, "the one grand achievement of this strike is to prove to organized labor that there is nothing in violence." Not long after this peaceful triumph came the great strike against the Pullman Company. Debs led this strike with all the energy and skill for which he was famous. Victory seemed to be in sight. Then came Federal intervention, at the behest of President Grover Cleveland, the loss of the strike, and the collapse of the American Railway Union.

The humanness that had made the command, "Love one another," a dominant factor in the social thinking of Debs, began to shift its focus because of his growing belief in a view of society cut into two classes. More and more he came to feel that militant resistance to "Big Business" and the wealthy, propertied classes was for him the right way of life. And so, slowly and agonizingly, he came to Socialism. "I am for Socialism because I am for humanity. We have been cursed with the reign of gold long enough. Money constitutes no proper basis of civilization. The time has come to regenerate society —we are on the eve of universal change. The issue is Socialism versus Capitalism."

In the thirty years following 1896 (a year in which "although the work week ranged from fifty-four to sixty-three hours, earnings in manufacturing averaged only $406 a year"), Debs became an able, voluble, and widely popular leader of the American Socialist Party. Several times its candidate for President of the United States, he managed, in the Presidential election of 1912, to get almost 6 percent of the popular vote. Firm in his belief that World War I was an unjust, imperialist war, he spoke out vigorously and frequently against American participation in the struggle of 1914-1918. As a result, he served time in Atlanta Penitentiary; while there, he ran for President on the Socialist ticket—and polled nearly a million votes. His sentence commuted by President Harding, he plunged into the work of reorganizing the Socialist Party and propagandizing. Always basic to his speaking and thinking was his profoundly held conviction that "our conduct is largely determined by our economic relations. If you and I must fight each other to exist, we will not love each other very hard." In October, 1926, worn out from a lifetime of militant campaigning, he died in Elmhurst, Illinois. Clarence Darrow probably spoke for many of his friends when he declared, "I never knew a man I loved more than I did him."

★

IT IS clear that Ray Ginger feels greatness in Debs; and so well does he tell his story that his reader has the same feeling. It is not easy to name the elements making up such eminence. Largeness of heart and bigness of mind are there, and so are middling intellect and fallible judgment; but under and through and over all these is a driving pattern of concern for others; and personal responsibility to that concern. ("When I rise," he said, "it will be with the ranks and not from the ranks.") This concern may rightly be called passionate; and the passion rose out of participation in the very struggle for existence whose injustices he so flamingly denounced. In his own right he knew insecurity and uncertainty. Yet, out of the very swirling midst of the fight for food, clothing, and shelter, he kept crying aloud his own vision of the terms of armistice. Few heard the cry and fewer still listened. "The world ain't cut out for men like you," he was told by a wealthy gangster, who was also a fellow inmate at Atlanta. "Human beings are rotten, corrupt, and that's all there is to it. You believe that people are corrupt through circumstances over which they have little say. I don't."

We may reject Debs' terms, we may laugh at their naïveté, and we can surely deplore their indifference to the revelations of religion. But we may profitably remember that here was a man who, while fighting the battle himself, kept striving to soften its rigors for others.

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Actual involvement and grinding participation fashioned and forged his thinking and his words and his acts. Of course, we can easily glance at and forget such a man as Debs; yet to do so is to confirm our membership in the listless lodge of those who merely talk about the great American Dream.

MURRAY H. LEY.

Day Without End. Van Van Praag. Sloane. $3.00.

EVIDENTLY the passage of time—so far as the American war novelist is concerned—has nothing to do with either the maturation of wisdom or of talent. *Day Without End,* which deals with a phase of the hedge-row campaign in France, follows the old transcript formula ("this is the real thing"), and follows it badly. Mr. Van Van Praag confuses splintered bones, maggots and obscenity with truth, and he is unable to give the touch of life either to his characters (which are all from the literary shelf, with a Reilly from Texas and a Greenberg, of course, from Brooklyn) or to their speech, which consists of the same old dreary jargon, nauseously unredeemed, that we thought we had left forever.

Lieutenant Paul Roth (who grits his teeth, smiles faintly, shakes his fist at the enemy, and peevishly kicks a ration box) is a platoon leader in an outfit that has been fifty-eight days on the line. He is given useless patrols and murderous missions by that incompetent brass-hat, Lieutenant Colonel Nielsen, and his toady, Lieutenant Wormsley. Lieutenant Roth, overburdened with fatigue and self-doubt, finally collapses and is sent to a rest-center, but not before he has gone through enough hell to make any man collapse.

After the author gets his characters together, and dispatches a couple of runners to Lieutenant Roth to get the action going, *Day Without End* proceeds well enough for a crude story of combat. Two things are decently represented: the platoon leader's feeling of responsibility for his group, and the crushing sense of nothingness that comes to a man when he is a target for high explosives.

J. H. JOHNSTON.

Wells Fargo. Edward Hungerford. Random. $3.75.

THE rôle of business enterprise in opening up this country can hardly be overestimated—except by men who insist that the American form of capitalism deserves the bulk of the credit for our notably higher living standards. It was exactly one hundred years ago that the California gold rush gave such impetus to the settling of the West. And in no time at all a big fight was on for the business of transporting the gold back to civilization.

Wells Fargo soon emerged as the winner, and for 17 years (until the first transcontinental railroad was completed) that newly organized company made history with its pony express and overland stage services. Mountain passes, rough trails and badlands vied with hostile Indians and hold-up men in barring the road. But usually the gold went through.

The company prided itself not only on making good on every item entrusted to its charge, but on tracking down each desperado and recovering most of the loot. It was man against man in those early days. Bob Haslam, the most famous rider of the short-lived pony express; Hank Monk, the justly celebrated stage driver; James B. Hume, for many years head of Wells Fargo detectives; bad men such as Rattlesnake Dick, Tom Bell and the fabulous Black Bart, who was inexorably betrayed by the laundry mark of a handkerchief he dropped when finally himself surprised. Enough material for a hundred "westerns."

The express company maintained its perfect record when railroads supplanted the overland stage, even though hold-ups of trains also often attained Hollywood flare and dimensions. Down through the years Wells Fargo operations have become more and more prosaic and institutionalized—in increasing contrast with the pioneer days.

Such is the subject of Edward Hungerford's official chronicle of the company he himself served for many years. As an author he is best known as a railroad historian, and his Wells Fargo narrative is a plain one. It is remarkable for its lack of local-color splotches and purply verbal flights. The battles between company men and desperadoes are allowed to speak for themselves. This sober treatment is less happy when dealing at length with the growth of company affairs—especially after larger interests had taken over. But if a Wells Fargo spirit has persisted to this day, as the author warmly maintains, it must be due to what the company's men fought for and won when piloting or guarding the overland stage between 1852 and 1870.

EDWARD S. SKILLIN.

Lost Peace in China. George Moorad. Dutton. $3.00.

THE EVIDENCE of *Lost Peace in China* makes doubly tragic the recent death of George Moorad (in the plane disaster off India). For it shows to those not familiar with his previous work that not only did the country lose a fine reporter and newsman, but that it also lost a gifted critical and analytical observer of Far Eastern affairs.

Mr. Moorad's writing in *Lost Peace* is just that—gifted criticism and analysis. It is gifted because, however unsavory it must have seemed to him, the dish Mr. Moorad served is essentially one of truthfulness and sincerity. For that reason it will be disturbing to a number of people. Some will be disturbed by being told things they would prefer not to accept, and others because those same things are what they have long suspected: that American bungling in the Pacific has been as much at fault as Russian intransigeance in bringing about the Nationalist collapse, and also forcing us into our present defensive position in Korea, Japan, and virtually all the rest of Eastern Asia.

For as serious a condemnation of our policies as it is, *Lost Peace in China* is a remarkable piece of work because it is written with no hysteria, with none of the bitterness the author must have felt, and with but little of the hopeless feeling of great opportunities neglected or misused. In general it is a sober, factual account of what Mr. Moorad saw and experienced in China imme-

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diately following the war. With enough historical material provided to form the background, a sombre picture is painted of combined Communist opportunism, American ineptitude and Chinese instability. The results may be seen today, while Communist armies drive farther south, and China, one of the "bulwarks of democracy" in the East, is lost to America.

Lost Peace in China is not a book to be read by those who have illusions and wish to retain them unmarred. But it most assuredly is a book to be read by those who feel any interest in being well-informed, and who feel that truth, even though it may be unpleasant, is better stuff than dreams. JAMES O. FREDERICK.

Slavonic Encyclopaedia. Edited by Joseph S. Roucek. Philosophical Library. $18.50.

SINCE the Second World War American interest in the Slavic world is steadily growing, and the continuous influx of intellectuals from Eastern Europe makes it possible to satisfy it. The editor of this substantial work of 1,445 pages is an American of Czech descent who has organized a considerable staff of American scholars and new immigrants for producing this book.

It is the intention of the editor that the subject matter of the *Slavonic Encyclopaedia* be treated from an empiric and non-evaluating point of view. The good intention is to be praised, but it seems to this reviewer that the editor and many of his co-workers have not been critical enough in face of the Bolshevik wave that flowed over Eastern and Central Europe after the Russian victory over the Third Reich. As contemporaries of the Nazi rise and fall, and as historians doing research on many conquests that were intended for eternity but lasted only for a short interval, they should have been more skeptical about changes forced upon nations by a well organized political minority. The *Encyclopaedia's* article on Mr. Roucek himself emphasizes that he has been decorated by the King of Yugoslavia, but evidently this does not imply any loyalty on his part, since he acclaims Marshal Tito's "attractive personality" and does no justice to the Royalist, Mihailovitch.

One of the best contributions to the *Encyclopaedia* is the article on the transliteration of Cyrillic, apparently written by the Rt. Reverend J. B. Dudek of Yukon, Oklahoma. This article makes it clear that the Cyrillic alphabet has more letters than the Latin and that transcriptions should be used. You must either use accents, as in Czech and Croatian spelling, or use combinations of letters, as sh, tch, dj, etc. But the *Encyclopaedia* does not follow this good advice. Also the orthography of German words is incorrect in many articles, as the *Encyclopaedia* does not use any "Umlaut" nor added "e" as a substitute.

Such limitations should not, of course, discourage the use of the *Encyclopaedia* which gives a mine of information not only on the Slavic countries and on Slavonic literature and folklore, but also on Slavonic minorities, especially those in the United States and Canada. The collaborators, well-known scholars as well as hitherto

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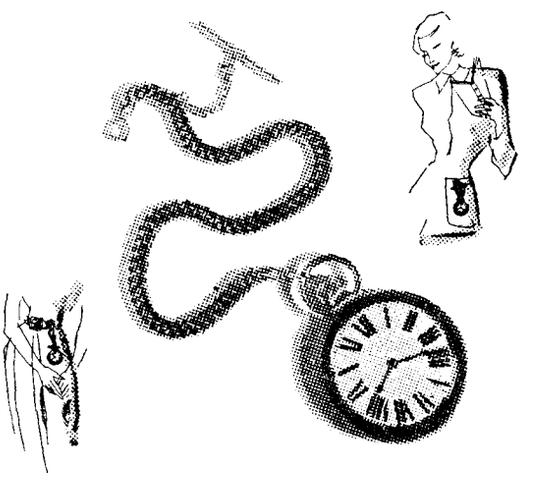

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rather unknown persons, have diligently collected an unusually rich factual material for most of the topics. Experts on Soviet affairs may question whether it has been wise to make so much use of material from Soviet publications which are always infested with propaganda.

Since the Slavs do not agree as to the number of nations into which they could be divided, the apportioning of the topics was no easy task. But one will find that no Slavonic group has been neglected in this work. Religion and church matters are treated somewhat negligently, in spite of the dominant rôle they have played in the history of most Slav nations. The anti-religious tendencies of Sovietism have been almost ignored. On the other hand, there are some very interesting articles on unusual topics, for instance, the stimulating essay on "Slavic Influence on German Literature," by Egon E. Bergel. The carefree matter-of-factness of this contribution contrasts favorably with the Germanophobia of some other articles and with the claim for the Slavonic world of Germans who have nothing whatever to do with it outside of their real or alleged descent from Slav stock. Leibnitz, the great philosopher and natural scientist, for instance, belongs according to his mentality certainly to the Western and not to the Slavonic world, even if he were of Slavic descent. His inclusion into this *Encyclopaedia* looks like a racist's angle. It is also very inconsistent that while all famous citizens of the Slavonic countries are included in this work, even if they are of foreign stock, it also includes Germans of alleged Slav stock like Nietzsche, or the Nazi Field Marshals Brauschitsch and Milch. Thus the *Encyclopaedia* seems not free from a certain panslavism that tries to include as many famous men as possible in the inventory of the Slavonic world. Such trespassings do not refute the fact that this rich presentation of the Slavonic world is a good antidote against the neglect of Eastern European conditions and history in American education and literature. MAX FISCHER.

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Inherit the Night. Robert Christie. Farrar, Straus. $3.00.

MR. CHRISTIE'S experiences as a news correspondent in South and Central America served him well in the writing of this, his first novel. For, apart from its apparently faithful reproduction of Spanish idiom and convincing descriptions of Andean terrain, his book might quite conceivably have been a product of one of the efficient novel writing machines in George Orwell's recent satire, *Nineteen Eighty-four*. Few readers will be surprised to learn that the author formerly wrote for the movies.

Echoing the past successes of such popular novelists as James Hilton, Graham Greene, and Lloyd Douglas, *Inherit the Night* contains, a South American Shangri-La replete with a presiding, ancient ex-monk; a fear-driven fugitive; and a veneer of vague religious humanitarianism which would be equally edifying to readers of almost any race, creed or color. Careful never to abandon the accepted formula of the commercial novel, the book also provides plenty of sexual interest by means of two bordello scenes and slick descriptions of the heroine's conversion from true lover, to willing mistress and finally to a state of unwilling celibacy.

The plot centers around Kurt Werden, unrepentant Nazi fugitive, who finds safety in the unspoiled, isolated and utterly innocent village of San Cobar. Werden's evil presence soon contrives to arouse the formerly unexperienced sentiments of lust, jealousy and hate in the hearts of the simple villagers who finally recognize the true source of their dissension and force Werden from their valley to certain death under an Andean landslide.

It is unfortunate that Mr. Christie required four hundred pages to relate his comic-strip adventure. It might have made a good short story. JAMES WEY.

Genius and the Mobocracy. Frank Lloyd Wright. Duell, Sloan & Pearce. $5.00.

SINCE THE LATE George Mortimer Pullman has gone down in history as one of the unlovely millionaires of the nineteenth century, it's really surprising to find anyone today deliberately modeling his philosophy on that of the inventor of the upper berth. Yet anyone who skims through Frank Lloyd Wright's newest book will be bound to admit that there is a striking similarity between the social thinking of the master of the model town of Pullman, Illinois, and that of the master of Taliesin East & West; indeed, it's hard to say which of the two men is the more self-satisfied, the capitalist

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or the architect. This is, of course, a sad thing to have to emphasize; all of us are aware that Frank Lloyd Wright is, if not the greatest living architect, one of the great architects of our time.

At first glance *Genius and the Mobocracy* might be supposed to be a book about Wright's relations with Louis Sullivan, the designer in whose office the lord of Taliesin got his start. "I have tried," Wright tells us, "to describe the tragedy, triumph, and significance of the great man who invariably signed himself Louis H. Sullivan." Unfortunately, few readers of *Genius and the Mobocracy,* even those of us who admire Wright's attempt to create a prose style all his own, will agree that the author honestry tried to say anything at all about either the architecture or the personality of Sullivan. Despite a chance reference to Sullivan here and there, *Genius and the Mobocracy* is a really a prose poem concerned with the struggle of the genius, meaning—do we need to name names?—and the mobocracy, meaning, if Wright will pardon the expression, the human race.

The struggle seems to have told on Wright's nerves. At times he is curiously eager to recall slights of fifty and sixty years ago, and readers of *Genius and the Mobocracy* will gather that he had no use for a certain Sickles, a draughtsman who came to Adler & Sullivan from the office of McKim, Mead & White. Sickles, Wright carefully points out, was finally "confined for paresis."

But Wright is hardest of all on the people he calls "copyists"—by which he means, not the eclectics who followed the lead of McKim, Mead & White, but his fellow modernists in the Chicago School. Like Wright, they dreamed of building a modern architecture on the principles of Sullivan, and like Wright they were often very successful artistically. Unlike Wright, they were not enormously successful financially, and not a few of them fell on hard times.

If Wright wastes no pity on his unsuccessful rivals, neither does he have any compassion for the weaknesses of Louis Sullivan, whose fondness for alcohol and tobacco he treats with a truly remarkable condescension.

M. O'R.

Sierra-Nevada Lakes. George and Bliss Hinkle. Bobbs-Merrill. $4.00.

WHEN SINCLAIR LEWIS wrote *Kingsblood Royal,* it was generally reviewed as a tall tale primarily about the question of Negro blood. But to some it seemed the peculiar American story of a whole nation so often unfamiliar with its personal family trees and very vague indeed about its continental history and geography. We owe the more gratitude, therefore, for the various topographical and historical series dealing with rivers, cities, lakes and states that have sprung up on publishing soil ploughed and fertilized by the WPA guides.

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Christian Democrats in Belgium

NEXT WEEK The Commonweal will feature BELGIUM'S CHRISTIAN SOCIAL PARTY, by Jean Delfosse, the Editor of the *Revue Nouvelle* of Brussels. It has to do with the new political party, which won the greatest number of votes in the recent Belgian elections. Here is a typical excerpt: "The Christian Social Party is quite different from the Catholic Party of which it is a successor. The latter, before the war, included various groups—conservatives, Christian Democrats, middle class groups, etc., who had in common only their loyalty to religion. . . . Since the liberation the new party has made a strenuous effort to become non-confessional, to serve as a rallying point for all men of good will in support of a clearly progressive program of Christian inspiration. For the pre-war slogan, Unity First, the leaders of the Christian Social Party have substituted the watchword, Program First . . ."

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ERNESTINE EVANS

Niagara Country. Lloyd Graham. Duell. $3.50.

THIS current volume in the informative "American Folkways" series stresses the area's importance in early American history. With the Indians, French, British, Americans and Canadians its past was a violent one. The Niagara border, even as late as 1866, was the point at which a determined band of eight-hundred Fenians under Captain John O'Neil of Nashville invaded Canada. Even today highly industrialized Buffalo feels belligerent about the greater renown of New York City and Niagara Falls.

CORRECTION

THE COMMONWEAL regrets that in the last two issues Mr. Willis D. Nutting's book on agrarianism was incorrectly identified as "The Green Revolution." The proper title is: "The Reclamation of Independence," published by Berliner and Lanigan, Nevada City, Cal., 1947.

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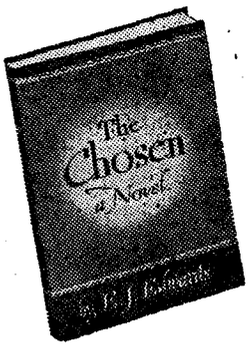

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